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## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

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### METHOD IN THE ARRANGEMENT OF IDEAS.

**I**N delivering our sentiments on particular subjects, there is nothing which is attended with better effect, and makes us appear to more advantage than offering our opinions with clearness and precision; and this can only be done by arranging them in proper order, so that they may appear regularly to arise one from the other: this is styled method, and prevents confusion; hinders us from indulging in the luxuriance of fancy, running into desultory digressions, and makes us appear superior to our subject.

Where great sprightliness is the natural bent of the temper, girls should endeavour to habituate themselves to a custom of observing, thinking, and reasoning. It is not necessary that they should devote themselves to abstruse speculation, or the study of logic; but she who is accustomed to give a due arrangement to her thoughts, to reason justly and pertinently on common affairs, and judiciously to deduce effects from their causes, will be a better logician than some of those who claim the name, because they have studied the art. That species of knowledge, which appears to be the result of reflection rather than of science, fits peculiarly well on women.

### BEHAVIOUR.

**O**NE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. For when a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility, which it indicates, is peculiarly engaging.

Silence in company, particularly a large one, is never mistaken by the judicious and discerning for dullness, but bespeaks a modesty essential in the female sex. Dignity of behaviour is necessary at public places, but care must be taken not to mistake that for that confident ease, that unabashed countenance which seems to set the company at defiance.

Women should be cautious even in displaying their good sense. It is often thought assuming a superiority over the rest of the company; but their learning should be kept a profound secret, especially from men, who generally look

with a jealous and malign eye on a woman of great parts, and a cultivated understanding.

The great art of pleasing in conversation consists in making the company pleased with themselves. Detraction should be avoided, especially amongst women where their own sex is concerned; it would be more noble for them to shew a compassionate sympathy to the unfortunate, especially to those who are rendered so by the villainy of men. It is a laudable pride, as well as secret pleasure, which ought to be indulged, in being the friend and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Every species of indelicacy in conversation should be considered as shameful and highly disgusting. A sacred regard should ever be had to truth, for lying is a mean and despicable vice; though a lively embellishment of a humorous story, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth, cannot be understood to fall under that head.

Gentleness of spirit and manners is extremely engaging; but not that indiscriminate attention, that unmeaning simper, which smiles on all alike. For this arises either from affectation of softness, or from perfect insipidity.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over men, by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in their eyes at public places, by conversing with them with the same unreserved freedom as they do with one another; in short, by resembling men as near as they can. The folly of this expectation and conduct will soon be shown. For the power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the finest parts, is even beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish, to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power, she may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

In fine, to form a complete lady, she should possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners; dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation.

THE  
WANDERINGS

OF THE

## IMAGINATION.

BY MRS. COOCH.

(Continued from page 387.)

THE pleasures of a fashionable life may not be unaptly compared to the delirium of the brain in a high fever. 'Tis in vain we in imagination visit aerial scenes fraught with all that fancy can bestow to give delight: 'tis in vain we visit gorgeous palaces, and partake of sumptuous banquets, while seated in the magic circle of Wit and Beauty, we enjoy the radiant smiles of the happy, and the compliments of the facetious and the learned: we even in the height of our frenzy still feel there is a chasm in our pleasures, and a vacuum in our pursuits and enjoyments; and when awake to reflection, we most sensibly feel that all has been deception—the malady still rages, and the fever still remains.

But I revert to my first idea, and maintain that happiness is to be found; and that I witnessed it in the family I have mentioned: they were uniformly and completely happy in each other; and the casualties of fate appeared not to terrify by their approach an individual belonging to it. Had that happiness they amply possest been sufficient to satisfy them, without searching farther into the world for an addition to it, one of its branches had not, by creating her own misery, cast a bleak veil over her fate, and impeded that heart-felt satisfaction which from her alone knew interruption.

Nancy, the youngest daughter, was by nature more susceptible than the rest. She had seen a young sailor in the neighbourhood, and against the advice of all her true friends, consented to marry him, when he should return from a foreign embarkation. She bore his departure with seeming composure; but a few letters she received from him baffled all that parental love could endeavour to save her, and on the first report of the fleet's intended return, she packed up a few necessaries, took the little money she was, through the indulgence of her parents, become mistress of, and unknown to all, set forward on her disconsolate journey to Portsmouth, to wait his return.

For some weeks she waited in vain; at length the ship to which he belonged arrived in the harbour. She eagerly discovered the means by which she could go on board; and fancy pictured to her ravished senses his delight on thus proving her unabated love. Alas, poor Nancy! the ship indeed returned, but her William had been long consigned to a watery grave. In silent grief she bore the dismal tidings, and returned to her desolate abode. For three days she pined in speechless agony, and on the fourth her account was made,

This melancholy incident gave rise to my endeavouring to express it in the following stanzas:

ON the waves of foaming ocean,  
Blue-eyed NANCY heav'd a sigh;  
View'd with trembling limbs their motion,  
As dark they roll'd beneath a troubled sky.  
  
Threat'ning clouds in thick succession,  
Darted forth their livid store;  
Thunder awful, past expression,  
Resounded long and deep adown the ravag'd shore!  
  
On the sea's terrific border,  
NANCY roam'd in deep dismay,  
And in looks of wild disorder,  
Wail'd to the dreary waste, all heedless of her way!  
  
Horrid cliffs that way surrounded,  
Beaten by the dashing surge,  
Which in dreadful tumults founded  
To Fancy's startled ear, her WILLIAM's funeral dirge!  
  
O'er the vast of Heaven's covering,  
Dark portentous horrors spread;  
O'er the earth tremendous hovering,  
Those horrors fill'd her aching heart with dread!  
  
To the tempest's howl she listen'd,  
O'er the dashing waves she hun'.

Rais'd to Heav'n the eye that glister'd,  
With the full tear which poignant grief had sprung.  
  
Then exclaim'd, "Ah! troubled ocean,  
"Tell me where beneath the wave,  
"Tell me where, with love's devotion,  
"I may seek my lost, my lovely WILLIAM's grave?"  
  
"Well ye know that I have lost him,  
"Well ye know he's in the deep,  
"Well ye know your waves have crost'd him,  
"Well ye know he's rock'd in Death's eternal sleep."  
  
She spoke and paus'd; then reasonless and wild  
Again she call'd on the unconscious deep  
To answer to her plaint:—when, lo, the cliff  
Gave way!—and falling with the love-lorn maid,  
Poor NANCY ceas'd to murmur and to weep!

## SIXTH WANDERING.

IT was in one of those fine autumnal evenings, when the Sun, while sinking beneath the last cloud of departing day, tinged the blue mountains with a paly light, that chance directed my footsteps from *Chepflow*, to the all-charming and romantic retirement of *Piercefield*. The deputed guardian of its woods indulged my request, and left me to myself.

As I wandered alone and pensive over the beauteous scene, no noise but the soft moaning of the leaves, gently agitated by the summer breeze, or the distant voice of the nightingale, interrupted my meditations, while I silently and sadly lamented the fate of its late unfortunate, and hospitable possessor. Was it from hence (thought I) that our first parents were precipitated into the abyss of woe, and will *Man* be never resigned to his lot? Will he prefer to that path which Nature pointed out for him to follow, the tongue of envy—the voice of detraction—the ruin of his fortune—the injury of his health—the wreck of his peace—and sa-

crifice to a vision, the pure, the unadulterated joys of rural and domestic felicity? Vain and transitory are all sublunar desires; and the objects of whatever kind our fantastic imagination greedily pursues, soon cloy in the possession. There is no substantial delight but that which we derive from conscious rectitude; and the vicissitudes of the world, like the turbulence of the ocean, if they do not plunge the incautious into actual perdition, will, by annihilating their senses, leave in them a blank, that no future period will fill up.

The gloom that was beginning to dim the horizon, insensibly enveloped my ideas, and the solitude of the woods heightened it. It was the hour when the sky-lark chaunted its evening hymn to its Creator, as it soared beyond the confines of sight. The lofty pines waved their high heads to the wind, and now and then a few straggling leaves, that had loitered beyond their time, rustled through the thick branches, while gently falling towards the ground.

On a sudden, the voice of distant music caught my ear. I listened, and distinguished the sweet sounds of the plaintive harp. My heart responsively echoed the mournful melody, and I approached the spot from whence it issued. The Harper, whom I recollect to have seen before, was blind, and infirm, and his name was Llewellyn. He was sitting at the foot of a tree, and his dog, who sat watchfully by him, retained his station, seeming sensible of the attractions his master possessed, instead of being impressed with fear, or alarm, at the approach of a stranger.

A very lovely girl, more interesting than beautiful, stood leaning against the tree in a pensive attitude; she observed me, and, as if recovering from the reverie I had interrupted, with a soft, but dejected smile, requested her father (for such I found him to be) would repeat the variations of Pleyell's German Hymn. The slow, and solemn measure, raised my soul to Heaven, while my uplifted eyes invoked the pardon of human frailties, and the rapturous enthusiasm invigorated my mind.

The Harper arose, his dog trotted on before, and I accepted the proffered arm of the lovely Julia. Our conversation was on trifling subjects, and the increasing darkness added an awful solemnity to the stillness of the scene, as the bat flitted round us, and the solitary owl poured forth her wailing plaints to the full-rising Orb of Night. From the high eminence we espied the beautiful little town of Chepstow; its various lamps reflected on the smooth surface of the Severn, while the distant dashing of oars proclaimed our re-union with the world, from which the peaceful groves of Piercefield had just before seemed to separate us.

Julia and I, whose tastes already appeared to be formed for each other, delighted ourselves with the majestic scenery above and below us. We retraced to our memories *The Sorrows of Werter*, while we gazed on his favourite constellation, and compared its superiority over the luminous bodies that surrounded it. But alas! these cheering prospects gladdened not the heart of our companion; his day was set in everlasting night, and I sighed while I surveyed the marks of placed resignation that beamed on his benign countenance.

I accepted Julia's invitation, and accompanied her home. She inhabited, with her father, a small neat cottage, which she had adorned with the elegant ornaments of rustic simplicity: she touched the harp with less skill than did her father, but the gracefulness of her attitude while seated at it, was all her own. She had a winning sweetness of manners, and a captivating gentleness of disposition, which alike charmed and secured the hearts of those who beheld her. With pious diligence she discharged the duties of filial care; and as she watched over him with affectionate zeal, she prevented the desires of her father.

We parted at an early hour, more refreshed than fatigued by the excessive long walk we had taken; our minds had expanded in the interview, and it was the beginning of an acquaintance that seemed to promise an exquisite source of mental enjoyment, both to Julia and myself.

Till the present moment, the intercourse of female friendship had been unknown to Julia. The inhabitants of Chepstow, where they had lived five years, were either too lofty, or too low, to afford gratification to a susceptible mind. Yet, although her knowledge of the world extended no farther than what she could collect from the books of a small circulating library, with which she beguiled the heavy hours of her father, she had acquired from these, and the polished understanding with which Nature had endowed her, those requisites which alone were necessary to render her a most desirable and interesting companion.

We met every day, and our friendship was established in less time than custom allows to a common acquaintance. Julia, whose notions were above the prejudices of the vulgar, would artlessly reveal to me her ideas as they arose, but left me to conjecture on the subject of her heart, which, from her frequent sighs, and some very distant hints, I could perceive had not been hitherto insensible.

We went frequently to Piercefield, where, after placing Mr. Llewellyn on a convenient seat, we would wander from him just far enough to hear the distant sounds of the harp, which, as they died away, marked the length of our progress.

Julia, in one of those walks, took occasion to enquire of me, if I had ever seen *Swansea*? I answered her in the negative, and she added with a sigh, that her father would describe it to me better than she could. The evening dews were beginning to fall, and we joined him in our walk towards home.

We were no sooner arrived there, than I repeated to him Julia's question, which he answered, by giving me his narrative.

(To be continued.)

#### EPIGRAM.

FIRST in the grape the wine's red hue,  
Next in the bottle, glows:  
But last, and most, and longest too,  
O Cotta, in thy nose.

## THE FARRAGO.

No. VII.

"MY AUNT PEG."

IN the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Dr. Goldsmith describes Burchell in company with a couple of courtesans, assuming the manners and language of ladies of quality. The penetrating humourist, at the close of every sentence from these frail damsels, boasting intimacy with high life, emphatically and poignantly exclaims, "Fudge." When the ridiculous in manners, or the insipid in conversation and life, appears to Tom Toledo, whose nose is as curved as a fish-hook, by an inveterate habit of sneering, 'tis Tom's way to baptize the oddity—*My aunt Peg*.

Now, whether *my aunt Peg*, like TRISTRAM SHANDY's *aunt Dinah*, having been guilty of some back-slidings in her youth, has forfeited her right to respect from the family; or whether certain envious prudes, as is their wont, have leagued, and look grim against her, when she appears, is a question I cannot sagely solve. Certain it is, she is degraded from the rank of gentlewoman, and now keeps low and contemptible company.

*My aunt Peg*, like an English actress of schorched reputation, often exchanges the petticoats for the breeches, and disguised in male apparel, spouts farce and low comedy, at the *Theatre Universel*. Though she "has her exits and her entrances," and "plays many parts," yet critical spectators are always dissatisfied with her style of acting; her assumed, cannot mask her real character, and pit, box, and gallery, hiss "*aunt Peg*."

Sauntering last term into a court of justice, I mingled with "the swinish multitude," and figured to myself a union of law and eloquence, in the charge to the jurors from the bench. The person speaking, for I actually mistook him for the judge, resembling SANCHO PANZA in the island Barataria, rather than BULLER, HALE, or TALBOT, I plucked Toledo by the sleeve, and asked if his honour's name were not *Dogberry*. By St. Mansfield, he deserves, when time and place shall serve, to be "set down for an ass." It is no Judge, says Tom: that broad and vacant stare is—*my aunt Peg*.

DICKEY DANGLE, the ladies' man, plays three hours with my cousin Charlotte's thimble, and fancies that he is courting her. A wag in my neighbourhood, a lover of *pepper-pots*, observing this frivolous "man of lath," with an unthrobbing pulse, gazing sedately on the eyes of a fine girl, and praising her cherry lips, without a wish to press them, swears that he is the very fribble of SHAKESPEARE; that

"This is he,  
Who killed away his hand in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,  
—WHOM LADIES CALL THEIR SWEET."

And asks, in the phrase of MARLOW, if I shall suffer my cousin to live with him and be his love. No. A con-

tract of matrimony between two females is absurd, and not good in law; for doubtless DICKY is—*my aunt Peg*.

A literary friend, after a lonesome journey through a boorish quarter of the country, on his arrival at an inn, exults, when the waiter informs him, that the young fellow, entering the room, "has been to college." The conversation naturally turns upon books. Do you relish the *belles lettres*? Oh yes, I read *Rollin's belles lettres* last winter, and liked them mightily. The indignant traveller frowned—he was unconscious that a degree in *arts* was frequently conferred on—*my aunt Peg*.

When I was at the university—I beg that the world would suppose I mean Oxford, Edinburgh, or Aberdeen, and not our college of Cambridge, for which I have singular affection—if a lad were guilty of genius, a tribunal of tasteless tutors, professors, &c, would doom him to expulsion. What, said they, a man of genius in a college? It cannot, must not be.—Why Issachar, our strong ass, couching down between his two burdens, Greek on one side, and Mathematics on the other, will bray and break bridle at the very sight of him. Yes, says Candor, their "worships and their reverences" are, in very deed,—*my aunt Peg*.

Half a century since, dame FRANCE was a stately old gentlewoman, proud of her pedigree, associating with men of rank, and keeping servants at a distance. But the devil, REFORM, began to haunt her house, and she insisted that the table should be laid in the *cellar*, instead of the parlor. Some of her refractory domestics, who disobeyed this whimsical order, she turned out of doors, hung up others to the kitchen lamp with the jack line; and at length, assisted by a cruel dog of a joiner, she fixed a butcher's cleaver into an old box, and fairly chopped the *Steward's* head off.—Not one of her *rational* neighbours, who witnessed those mad deeds, but went away exclaiming—Good luck! that such a noble lady should be vilely metamorphosed into—*my aunt Peg*.

## INTERESTING STORY OF MADELAINE.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

A FRIEND of mine, who is lately gone to Toulouse, has sent me from thence an account of some circumstances which happened not long ago in that part of France, and which she says are still much the subject of conversation. I shall transcribe this narrative, which I believe will interest you. Perhaps a novel-writer, by the aid of a little additional misery, and by giving the circumstances which actually happened a heightened colour—by taking his pallet, and dashing with a full glow of red what nature had only tinged with pale violet, might almost spin a volume from these materials. Yet, after all, nothing is so affecting as simplicity, and nothing so forcible as truth. I shall therefore send you the story exactly as I received it; and in such parts of it as want interest, I beg you will recollect that you are not reading a tale of fiction; and that in real life incidents are not always placed as they are in novels, so as to produce

stage effect. In some parts of the narrative you will meet with a little romance; but, perhaps, you will wonder that you meet with no more; since the scene is not in the cold philosophic climate of England, but in the warm regions of the south of France, where the imagination is elevated, where the passions acquire extraordinary energy, and where the fire of poetry flashed from the harps of the Troubadours amidst the full gloom of the Gothic ages.

A young Frenchman, whose usual residence was at Paris, having travelled as far as Toulouse the year before the Revolution, was invited by a party of his friends to accompany them to Bareges, where some of them were going in pursuit of amusement, and others in search of health from the medicinal springs which rise so plentifully, both in hot and cold streams, among the Pyrenean mountains.

This young Parisian, who had some taste for the sublime scenery of Nature, felt that it would be luxury to leave a little longer the regular walks which Art had planted in the Tuilleries, and the trim gardens and jets d'eau she has formed at Versailles; to wander amongst those piles of mountains which overhang each other, and listen to the torrents which fall down them with loud and irresistible impetuosity.

" Rich in her weeping country's spoils, Versailles  
May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast  
The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'n's;  
Yet let me choose some pine-topp'd precipice  
Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,  
Like Anio, tumbling roars."

What powerful sensations does the first view of such a scene produce!—We seem to begin a new existence—every former impression is for a while erased from the memory, and the mind feels entrapped and lost in the strong emotions of awe, astonishment, and admiration.

Bareges was crowded, as it usually is in the season, not only with French company, but also with strangers, who travel from other countries, in order to use its celebrated baths. The company amused themselves, as they generally do at water-drinking places, by sauntering, lounging, cards, lotteries, *jeux-d'esprit*, and scandal.

Bareges is a very expensive place. Even moderate accommodations must be purchased at a high rate; and provisions, as well as lodgings, are sometimes obtained with difficulty. Bareges is therefore seldom resorted to by any but people of considerable fortune, who can afford to level the obstacles which mountains interpose to their conveniences and comforts, by the all subduing force of gold.

Among a number of persons of rank and fortune, there was however one family at Bareges in a different situation. This family consisted of an elderly, infirm French officer, who had long been afflicted with the palsy, and his daughter, a young woman about nineteen years of age. Their appearance and mode of living seemed to indicate, that, though in search of relief, this old officer had journeyed to Bareges, he had in so doing far exceeded the bounds of economy, which his circumstances prescribed, and was forced to deny himself every accommodation his infirmities could spare. He

lived in the most retired manner, in the worst lodgings at Bareges; and, while the other ladies were dressed in a style of expensive variety and profusion, his daughter wore only a plain linen-gown, which, though always perfectly clean, was coarse; and her dark hair was left unpowdered and without any ornament whatever. Fortunately for Madelaine, however, (for that was her name) her person was calculated to make her coarse gown appear to the best advantage; and though she was not very beautiful, her countenance had an expression of sweetnes which answered the end of beauty by exciting love and admiration.

The company at Bareges soon became acquainted with each other, and the ladies always took notice of Madelaine when they met her in their walks, which however did not happen very often, for her father was frequently unable to go out. When he did, he was supported on one side by Madelaine, and on the other by his servant. It was impossible to see with insensibility the attention which this interesting young woman paid to her father, whom she never quitted one moment. It was remarked with what careful tenderness she used to lead him along the streets of Bareges, walking the slowest pace she could, and watching his steps as he moved feebly on. And when he was not able to venture out, she was seen at the window of their little parlour reading in order to entertain him. Her looks and manners announced that her disposition was naturally sprightly, and that she would have been gay if her father had not been sick. But all the cheerfulness she could assume while he suffered, was exerted to amuse him, and shorten the tedious hours of languor and debility.

Though Madelaine was handsome, the obscurity and seclusion in which she lived preserved her from the envy of the women. They knew well enough that the gentlemen at Bareges were for the most part men of the world, who, though they may admire beauty, and approve of virtue, are never so far the dupes of any tender or moral sentiment as to let it interfere either with their vanity, their ambition, or their interest. Although the French Revolution had not yet happened, these ladies were aware that, with respect to marriage, the age of *calculators* was already come, and therefore no rival was to be feared in Madelaine. The ladies joined with the men in admiring the graces of her person, and the amiable qualities which her conduct displayed. Madelaine, in short, became the object of general esteem.

Auguste, for so I shall call our young Parisian, who has lost his title since the laws of equality have been established in his country—Auguste spoke less of Madelaine than the other gentlemen at Bareges; but it was perhaps because he thought of her more. Sometimes, in his solitary morning rambles, he used to make comparisons between her and the Parisian ladies among whom he had passed the winter, and the comparison generally ended with a deep sigh. The scene of these meditations was certainly much in Madelaine's favour. Perhaps, at Paris or Versailles, Auguste might have been dazzled by the polished graces of a fine lady, rouged, powdered, perfumed, and equipped for conquest. These

artificial attractions might perhaps have accorded well enough with clipped trees, and angular walks. But Madelaine's simple manners, Madelaine's natural smiles and unstudied blushes, were far more in unison with the Pyrenean mountains.

One evening, when Auguste was walking in the town of Bareges with some ladies, he saw Madelaine at a little distance assisting with great difficulty to support her father, who appeared to be seized with a fit. Auguste darted like an arrow towards the spot, and held up the officer till he found himself somewhat recovered; and then Auguste, with a sort of gentle violence, obliged Madelaine, who was pale and trembling, to let go her father's arm, and suffer him to assist the servant in leading him home, which was but a few steps farther. Auguste entered the house, where he remained till the old officer was a little revived; and, after prevailing upon Madelaine to take a few hartshorn drops, he retired.

The next morning he felt that common civility required he should pay the old officer a visit, and learn how he had passed the night. It happened that Madelaine had the very same idea. "Surely," thought she, "it will be very strange if this young man, who was so kind, so careful of my father, and who made me take some hartshorn drops, should neglect to call and enquire after us!" This idea had come across her mind several times; and she was meditating upon it at her father's bedside, when Auguste was announced.

The old officer, who had all the finished politeness of his country and his profession, received him in the most courteous manner; and, though he spoke with some difficulty, yet he was profuse in acknowledgments for the service Auguste had rendered him. Madelaine's thanks were few and simply expressed; but the tone in which they were uttered was such that Auguste felt he could have sacrificed his life to have deserved them.

The old officer still continued sick, and therefore Auguste still considered it as an indispensable mark of attention to go every day, and learn the state of his health. He also began to feel that these visits became every day more necessary to his own happiness. That happiness was, indeed, embittered by many painful reflections. He well knew, that to obtain his father the Count de —'s consent to marry Madelaine, was as impossible as it was for himself to conquer the passion she had inspired. He knew exactly the order in which his father's enquiries would run on this subject. He was aware that there were two interrogatories to be answered. The first was—"How many thousand livres has she a year?" And the second—"Is she noble?" And nothing could be more embarrassing than that the enquiry concerning fortune would, he was sure, come first: since that was the only article which could not be answered in a satisfactory manner; for to Madelaine's family no objection could have been made. By the way, though the former nobility of France would not absolutely contaminate the pure streams of noble blood by an union with the daughter of a *roturier*, they had always sufficient generosity to abate

some generations of nobility in favour of a proper equivalent in wealth.

Auguste, while he was convinced of the impossibility of obtaining his father's consent to his marriage, did not pay Madelaine one visit the less from that consideration; and when the usual hour of his visit arrived, he often suddenly broke a chain of admirable reasoning on the imprudence of his attachment, in order to hasten to the dwelling of her he loved. In a short time he ceased all kind of reasoning on the subject, and abandoned his heart without reserve to the most violent and unconquerable passion.

Auguste made a declaration to the old officer of the sentiments which his daughter had inspired. The old gentleman mentioned it to Madelaine; and she only answered by tears, of which he perfectly understood the meaning. When Auguste explained his situation with respect to his father, the officer desired him to think of his daughter no more. Auguste felt that he might as well have desired him to cease to breathe. He continued his visits, and the officer was soon reduced to that state of languor and debility which left him neither the power nor the wish to forbid them. His complaints increased every day, and were attended with many alarming symptoms. The season for the waters of Bareges was now past, and all the company left the place, except the old officer, who was too weak to be removed, and Auguste, who, while Madelaine remained, had no power to tear himself from the spot. In a few weeks the old officer felt that his dying hour was near. Auguste knelt with Madelaine at his bedside—her voice was suffocated by tears; and Auguste had scarcely power to articulate in broken accents that he would devote his life to the happiness of Madelaine. The old officer fixed his eyes with a look of tender anxiety upon his daughter, and soon after expired. Madelaine mourned for her father with uncontrollable affliction; nor could all the attentions of her lover dispel that anguish, with which her affectionate heart lamented the loss of her parent.

The winter being far advanced, she proposed to defer her journey to the distant province where she and her father had lived, until spring, and to place herself in the mean time in a convent not far from Bareges. Auguste exerted all the eloquence of love, to induce her to consent immediately to a private marriage. She hesitated at this proposal; and, while they were conversing together on the subject, the door of the room in which they were sitting was suddenly thrown open, and Auguste saw his father the Count de — enter. He had heard of the attachment which detained his son at Bareges, and had hastened to tear him from the spot before it was too late. He upbraided his son with great bitterness, and began also to upbraid Madelaine; but there was something in her looks, her silence, and her tears, which stifled the terms of haughty reproach in which he was prepared to address her; and, ordering his son to leave the room, he desired to speak to her alone. After explaining to her the absolute impossibility of her being ever united to his son, and his determination to disinherit him, and leave his whole fortune to his second son, if Auguste should per-

fit in his attachment to her—after endeavouring to awaken her pride and her generosity, he desired to know where she proposed going. She told him her intention of placing herself immediately in the convent of —. He approved of this design, and left her to go to his son. No sooner was the door of the room shut, than Madelaine gave way to those tears which she had scarcely been able to restrain while the Count was speaking. She had never felt so sensibly her orphan condition as at this moment; and the dear remembrance of her fond father, was mingled with the agony of disappointed love.

Meantime the Count de — declared to his son, that his only chance of ever obtaining his mistress depended on his absolute unconditional submission to his commands, and that he must instantly attend him to Paris. Auguste eagerly enquired what was to become of Madelaine; and his father told him that she had determined to take refuge in the convent of —. Auguste absolutely refused to depart till he was allowed an interview with Madelaine. The Count was obliged to consent; but, before he suffered them to meet, he obtained a promise from Madelaine not to mention to her lover any particulars of the conversation which had passed between her and the Count.

Auguste, in this last interview with Madelaine, atoned for the cruel disdain of his father, by the most solemn and passionate assurances of fidelity, not to be shaken by time or circumstance; and then, after attempting to leave the room several times, and returning as often, he at length tore himself away. Madelaine, when she saw him depart, felt that every earthly hope had vanished with him.

She set out early the next morning for the convent of —; but not till after she had sat some time weeping in the chair which Auguste used to occupy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### ANECDOTES.

DURING the reign of King James II. and when the people were much oppressed and burdened with taxes, that monarch made a very expensive tour thro' England; and on his return he slept at the palace of Winchester. The Mayor and Corporation, for the honour done them by this royal visit, determined to address his Majesty in the morning; but as the Mayor could neither *read* nor *write*, it was agreed the Recorder should prompt him on the occasion.

Accordingly, being introduced into the Royal presence, and every thing ready for the ceremony, the Recorder, by way of encouraging the Mayor, who appeared awkward and embarrassed, gently jogged his elbow, and at the same time whispered in his ear, "Hold up your head--look like a man." The Mayor mistaking this for the beginning of the speech, stared the King boldly in the face, and with a loud

voice repeated, "Hold up your head--look like a man."—The Recorder, amazed at this behaviour, again whispered the Mayor, "What the devil do you mean?" The Mayor, in the same manner, instantly repeated, "What the devil do you mean?" The Recorder, chagrined at this untoward circumstance, and fearing his Majesty's displeasure, still whispering in the Mayor's ear said, "By G—d, Sir, you'll ruin us all;" which the Mayor taking to be a continuance of the speech, and still staring the King in the face, with a louder voice than before repeated, "By G—d, Sir, you'll ruin us all." The King on this rose with some anger, but being informed of the cause of this rough address his Majesty was pleased to pass by with a smile, and the Corporation was perfectly satisfied with the honor done them.

AN HIBERNIAN PLAINTIFF, (a gentleman whose attachment to law finally induced him to sell his last field for the purpose of prosecuting a man who broke down his fence) died lately in Ireland; when, in searching his papers, they found the following memorandum:—"Cast in nine lawsuits, and gained one, by which I lost 1000l."

#### AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE'S EPITAPH.

I DIED untimely; happier doom be thine:  
Live out thy years, dear husband! live out MINE.

#### NEW-YORK.

#### MARRIED,

On Monday the 29th ult. at New-Hurley, (Ulster County) Mr. JOHN ROSE, to Miss HANNAH MIKALS, both of that place.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Princeton, JOSIAH QUINCY, Esq. of Boston, Counsellor at Law, to Miss ELIZA S. MORTON, daughter of the late Mr. John Morton, of this city, merchant.

On Thursday, at Bedford, (L. I.) by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, TUNIS WORTMAN, Esq. Counsellor at Law, to Miss MARGARET LOUDON, both of this city.

#### METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 4th to the 10th inst.

	THERMOMETER observed at 6, A. M. 3, P. M. deg. 100. deg. 100.	Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.
June 4	50 61	se. do.	fgt. lt. w. clo. h. w. lg. t. r.
	53 73	w. nw.	clear lt. wd. do. do.
6	55 71	s. do.	clear calm do. h. wd.
7	63 78	w. sw.	clear lt. wd. do. do.
8	59 72	e. se.	clear lt. wd. do. do.
9	64 73	e. do.	fgt. lt. wd. clear calm
10	64 74	s. se.	cl. lt. wd. clear h. wd.

## TO THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

YE lowly children of the shelter'd vale,  
Like modest worth by scornful pride disdain'd,  
Your little, fleeting life,  
Who wafted unseen, unknown,

In verdant veil how bashfully enwrap'd,  
Ye shun the officious hand, the searchful sight,  
With down-cast, pensive eye,  
And ever-musing heads!

Ah! when I view your meek, your humble mien,  
And all your highly breathing fragrance taste,  
How bleeds my sad'ning soul,  
For unprotected worth!

How bleeds to think that mortal excellence  
Is doom'd to live forgot, unheeded die!  
For in your short-liv'd charms  
Are pictur'd well its fate.

For ye, ere yet the morning's rising gale  
Shall wing its early course, may cease to greet  
With the sweet breath of love  
The wakeful wanderer's way.

Nor longer, virtue's boast! a little day,  
A little hour, she blooms! Nor can her pow'r  
Us helpless victims shield  
From the unpitying grave.

Then come, my Anna's faithful besom deck:  
For ever there true worth, true wisdom dwell,  
Congenial to your state,  
Soft in that heaven-rest.

There shall no busy insect dare obtrude  
Your sweets to rifle with perfidious kis';  
While ye more fragrance taste  
Than in your native beds.

Your highest incense breathe, to emulate  
Those more than op'ning morn'g's purest sweets,  
That sit on rosy lips  
Of smiling chastity.

## IRREGULAR STANZAS

## UPON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

IT is vain! and her spirit has fled!  
Matilda has sunk in the tomb;  
The beauty of Nature lies mix'd with the dead:  
Alas! how severe is the doom.

As a lily that blows in the vale,  
That springs to perfection, and dies;  
She bloom'd, and then sick'ned—but shall we bewail;  
The grave of the pure is the path to the skies.

The victim of woe and despair,  
Her soul now delights in its rest;  
And roving with bliss thro' the regions of air,  
Unites in the songs of the blest.

## ON A LATE CONNUBIAL RUPTURE.

I SIGH, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate;  
But what shall sighs avail thee? thy poor heart,  
'Mid all the "pomp and circumstance" of state,  
Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden, start

Sad recollections of Hope's garish dream,  
That shap'd a seraph form, and nam'd it Love,  
Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam,  
Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

To one soft accent of domestic joy,  
Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arch'd dome;  
Those plaudits, that thy *public* path annoy,  
Alas! they tell thee—*Thou'rt a wretch at home!*

O then retire, and weep! *Their* very woes  
*Selace the guiltless.* Drop the pearly flood  
On thy sweet infant, as the *full-blown* rose,  
Surcharg'd with dew, bends o'er its neigb'ring sun.

And ah! that Truth some holy spell might lend  
To lure thy wanderer from the syren's power;  
Then bid your souls inseparably blend,  
Like two bright-dew-drops meeting in a flower.

## GLEE.

(*Glorious Apollo.*)

GODDESS of *Freedom* from on high behold us,  
While thus we dedicate to thee our lays;  
Long in thy cause hath principle enroll'd us,  
Here, to thy name, a monument we raise,  
Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,  
Sing we in harmony to *Freedom*'s praise.

Here ev'ry gen'rous sentiment awaking  
Zeal that inspir'd our patriots of yore;  
Each pledge of *Freedom* giving and partaking,  
Join we our bleeding country to restore.  
Thus then combining, heart and voice joining,  
Send the shouts of *LIBERTY* from shore to shore.

## SONNET.

PLEASANT it is awhile to linger here,  
Amid the woodlands, listening to the breeze,  
That bathes my throbbing temples, to mine ear,  
As fitfully it sweeps along the trees,  
Moaning not inimelodious. Sacred shade!  
I would fain dwell in your most dark recess,  
Far from the din of folly, where distress,  
With dim eye, never more should ask the aid  
Not mine to grant. Here would my jaundic'd heart  
Soon heal and harmonize: but I again,  
Perforce, must sojourn in the haunts of men.  
Loth from these lonely, lovely scenes to part,  
Alone, in crowds, my solitary breast  
Would fain, by apathy, be chill'd to rest.